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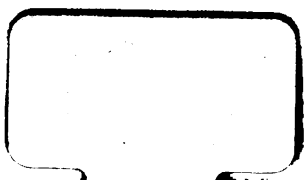

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# VICTORY
# AND OTHER VERSES

# VICTORY

AND OTHER VERSES

Hannah Parker Kimball

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TO

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Stayer 6 May 1904. .25T

Under "Songs New and Old" are included, in revised form, some poems originally printed in a small volume entitled "The Cup of Life," now out of print.

## CONTENTS


VICTORY 1

SONGS NEW AND OLD 13
Under the Open Sky 13
The Glory of Earth 15
Moods 16
Primitive Man 17
Man to Nature 18
Sea and Forest 19
Old Apple-Trees 20
The Wakening of Spring 21
After the Storm 22
Evening Scene 22
Eavesdroppers 23
Madcap-Wind 23
It Is Enough 24
The Soul's Sabbath 24
Sea-Music 25
Light 26
Persistence 26
The One Word 26
A Return 27
Consecration 27

## CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Complacence | 28 |
| Reminiscence | 28 |
| A Redeemer | 29 |
| The Music-Box | 29 |
| Love Song | 29 |
| Humility | 30 |
| My Lady | 30 |
| With a Cloud in the Sky I fell in Love | 31 |
| Power of Prayer | 32 |
| The Lesser Nature to the Greater | 32 |
| Too Late | 33 |
| An After-Glimpse | 33 |
| Tokenless | 34 |
| Conventionality | 34 |
| Inner Life | 35 |
| The Holy of Holies | 35 |
| Spinning Song | 36 |
| Impossible | 36 |
| Aspiration | 36 |
| What Doth It Mean ? | 37 |
| The Jewelled Tree | 37 |
| Romance of Soul | 38 |
| Antiphon | 38 |
| Is it so Sweet ? | 38 |
| Clouds may Darken the Face of a Friend | 39 |
| The Immanent God | 39 |
| The Work of Phillips Brooks | 40 |

## CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Gone | 40 |
| In Memoriam | 41 |
| Destiny | 41 |
| Youth | 41 |
| Necessity | 42 |
| Nemesis | 42 |
| Consequences | 43 |
| The Soul and Sin | 45 |
| Fate's Ocean | 47 |
| A Magdalene | 48 |
| At Dusk | 48 |
| Extremity | 49 |
| The Chase | 49 |
| Ignorance and Knowledge | 50 |
| Night and Day | 50 |
| Compensation | 51 |
| The Poet | 51 |
| Participation | 51 |
| The Social Appeal | 52 |
| Succor | 53 |
| Lazarus and Dives | 53 |
| Dream of the Past | 53 |
| The Wail of the Weak of Will | 54 |
| The Trifler | 55 |
| Truth's Demand | 55 |
| Flight | 56 |
| The Visionary | 56 |

CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Man | 56 |
| The Journey through the Past | 57 |
| Soul and Body | 57 |
| Beyond | 59 |
| The Life of the Saints | 61 |
| The Faith of the Mystics | 61 |
| The Sapphire Sea | 61 |
| The Quiet Land Within | 62 |
| Hidden Harmony | 63 |
| The Perfect Strain | 63 |
| Sufficiency | 64 |
| THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS | 67 |
| THE DRUIDESS | 71 |

# VICTORY

## PERSONS

EKART — a youthful doctor.
LORENZO — his friend.

## TIME

Long ago.

## SCENE

A narrow room in an ancient University town. Ekart sits at a table piled with books.

### I

EKART

Hath not my will been girded to the task?
Have I not striven? Is there one spell undone,
One stern emprise to wrest from the Unseen,
(Through fasting, prayer, and charm, made man's by time),
Constraining virtue, which, in awful strength,
Should purge my soul to purified control?
And 'tis as if I knelt, in impotence,
On flinty flags, before high-soaring shrines,
Surrounded by stern effigies in stone
Of men, Sin-slayers, brandishers of Light,
And knew myself no ray, my cloudy soul
Heavy with haunting shades. Alack! that I,
Groping about, find no bright dart to wield,

No flashing shield to don; the armory
All bare, and black, and bleak. Ah, drowning men,
Just ere they slip from life reluctantly,
Must peer through outer darkness for the face
Of some pale hope, against the intensest black
Of such a night as this I undergo.

(Enter *Lorenzo*.)

LORENZO

Still must I find thee, Ekart, weak and wan,
Weary with bending over weighty tomes,
With beating through a maddening maze of thought,
All to thine own despite? But now to hear
Thy name tossed up and down the babbling street!
"In league with the Enchantress"? *Thou*, our own,
Our Light-ensphered, prophetic prince of souls?
Hast thou the heart thus to discrown thyself,
Uncharter us? O Ekart, rouse thyself!
Wert thou not fire? Didst thou not mount in straight,
Unswerving line to heaven? O thou wert free!
Light streamed forth from thy soul, when gazing down
On men's transfigured faces, on a time,
Thou knew'st behind thee such wide wealth of power,
The fruit of thought, and vigil, and commune,
That the pent flood swept out and over us,
And we learned wisdom. Yea, I saw men thrive,
As thy victorious voice carved wisdom out.
Now, woe! the fire that flamed for other men,
The torch that sprang with such compelling heat,
Flung on dim, icy pavements, blown upon
By diverse currents strange of blasting winds,
Is seen just flickering ere it turn to gray.

Now, woe! our priest of Truth hath restive grown;
His zeal wanes, and the sacred fillet drops
From his God-laden brow, and shows a frown
Of flagrant horror, such as baser men
Display before the grim gaze of a Sphinx.
Remember that thou wert. O it is true
That to some men we needs must say, "Forget;
If ye would rise, forget the earth, the grime,
Where once ye wallowed." But, my Ekart, *thou*
That need'st but to remember! Our pure priest
Touched Truth's bright garments, if not Truth herself,
Knew angel-wrestlings, knew the austere Light,
And said to self: "Thou shalt not even breathe
For fear of my God-filled, almighty soul,
Which shall ride forth upon a spirit-steed,
And bring God's light into a groaning world."
And now this Ekart, knight, philosopher,
And priest, and would-be saint of Truth's own choice,
Lies grovelling in the dirt. Yet courage, man!
There is no knight, there breathes no would-be saint,
No priest, and no philosopher so strong
But some cold ray of morning, or some shade
Of twilight, like this heavy, clinging one
We walk in now, hath found him on the ground,
Writhing a little from that shrewish thrust,
Whereby sin pricks the soul to misery.
Remember that thou wert but yesterday.
O thou wert young, magnificent, and free;
And in that first flush and that heat of youth,
Youth spiritual, thy high-enkindled soul,
Burning so purely, simply, ardently,
Caught rapturous visions of an Absolute God.

EKART

And now I know Him by all-searching pangs
His hand doth mete me, He being in the dark:
Mete me, as some assassin reaches out
And poignards men, himself being still unseen.
O shall not thoughts break through the veil of words
Till thou shalt know the Power of Evil? know
As first I knew her when she overcame?
Shaped like a woman, stolèd like a nun,
She glides on men, with gracious, bowed, fair head
Rayed with full, ebon locks; upon the air
Like Venus on the glassy sea she comes,
With face of statuesque and seeming calm,
And wide eyes looking fragrance. O a fair,
A fair-faced death to desecrate men's souls!
Her eyes first grow to know men as they gaze;
Men will her to approach, and she draws nigh;
Then her lips move and syllable their names,
And with a furious bound their pulses leap
Swift to that voice, as low they lay them down,
Low at her feet, and tell her how they love,
Doomed to infatuation with the doom.
And I am thus enmeshed, so close enwound
That struggle severs nothing, though I know
Her now, and face her awful, blighting eyes,
Ghastly, immitigable, forcing dread,
Full of fell gleams, like Circe's when she saw
Her victims change to swine. A Sorceress!
And the dim, purple iris of her eyes
Grows large and larger, till it fills the rims,
And deep as night, and irresistible,
Seeming to drag a man's soul out of him

Into her arms, that she may strangle it :
And I am prisoner to her fell desire.

LORENZO

Nay, Ekart is self-captived. In the strife,
The bitter strife that the courageous man
Fights with his own brute self for sovereignty,
Thy soul hath ta'en a wound, and nurses it
In the black prison of thine own despair.
Out with thy soul into the light of day!
True, in despair is many a corridor,
Many a well, deep, blank, to make thee blind
With gazing. Thou canst wander and thou wilt,
'Til one day find thee in a place where are
No windows, bare, cold, and inexorable.
It is thy grave. Thou art grown old, and hoar,
And bent, and bleared ; and here's thy end at last,
Buried in self-contempt to choke and die.
O there are graves that yawn to hold the dead,
But these are comfortable, free, and fair,
Beside the gaping jaws that open wide
To take the living in. Pah, what a death !
Dost thou not know thy mind, an inky pool,
Reflects awry the gracious things of heaven,
The sky, the stars, the tender boughs of trees,
Making the sky a duller blue, the stars
Less bright, and all the glowing leaves less green ?
There's as much hope as ever in the world.
Yea, from the soul's dim, troublous stirrings deep
Distil sweet, pleasant drops, unsullied, pure,
Spreading the odor of a conquering joy
About them, as they float towards heaven's height.
Yet shalt thou rise a conqueror, mounting higher

Than I can dream, with that clear brain of thine,
Those penetrating eyes. Thou shalt lead men,
Selfless, the censer holding up to God.
Since thou hast fallen, thou art something more.
How firm thy foot may be, based on the rock,
And thy calm brow how hallowed by the Light!
Hast heard me speak? O Ekart!

EKART

In a dream
I partly hear thee speak, but what avails?
Fie on the futile impotence of words!
A world of night beats darkly at my gates,
And will not back till I am overwhelmed.
Strange thoughts do flock and wheel about so fast,
And throng so thick, I cannot think on God.
They cluster round, and blot Him wholly out,
As some dense swarm of birds annihilates
The sun, when with sharp clang and dissonant whirr
Of ceaseless-stirring wings, before the eyes
They rise and fly, a myriad-moving mass.

LORENZO

The Light is only clouded, cannot cease.

EKART

But in my heart, the Dark, the Sorceress
Doth lurk, a tyrannous beast to overpower.
So stern this ruthless, grim inhabitant,
Even thou must out, friend, to make room for her.
Sometimes she paces to and fro the cell;
Sometimes she droops in heavy sullenness;
Sometimes she seems to sleep, and then I draw
My breath full lightly, fearing she may wake;
For she will wake: a word, a look, a sigh,

A smile, a tear, will start her from her trance.
And what shall harry her from her abode,
Or force her from this fastness? Well I know
That, giant-like in unrelenting strength,
She will pull down the house; my heart will break,
And if she die, die with her. Woe the day,
When conjuring with this Power it grows supreme!
The heavens wither; still it gains in strength,
Inexorably encroaching on the soul,
The soul that perishes for lack of Light.

## II

The same room. Ekart lies upon a couch. Lorenzo bends over him.

LORENZO

O my belovèd, loving eye to eye,
And pulse to pulse we met; come back to me!

EKART

I knew thou wouldst be here. Bend gently down,
And say, "Well done, the struggle!" — thou, mine own.
My stumbling feet that jarred the universe,
Now carry me by sure and swift consent
Into a merciful, deep ease of death.
Now clear and calm a morning breaks on me,
And shows me where I am; and one bright thought,
Dawning, resplendent thought of high content,
Gives me the strength to breathe a little while.
Hidden in outer darkness is the Light,
Subtle, austere, and piercing like a sword,
Almighty, awful, and that naught evades:

And I have passed from out the pit itself,
From every night wherein I could not breathe,
Into a great austerity of Light
Where no more doubting is, since all is God.
Then bore I pitiless death within my heart,
Such hopeless, endless, irremedial death
As filled my stifled being, left no space
For any life to come there. Dead at heart,
I gazed abroad to see the grimy snow,
Grimed like my mind, lie in our weltering streets;
And from my narrow panes aghast I saw
A dingy, muffled sun creep o'er the sky.
And then I wandered forth, no long time since,
Into the square, where gables crowd around,
Elbowing each other as in peevish wise,
Seeming to scowl with pent-house, hanging brows,
And stained with blots of sordidness. I passed
Through crooked lanes, head buried in my cloak,
Hating the winding ways for wretchedness,
The ooze that trickled through the gutters foul,
The unmeaning cries of sparrows on the eaves.
I saw a child that ran across the road,
Unsteady, tottering. Men passed me, too,
But strange their features seemed to me, too far
In blackness to discern them. Knew those men
What souls can suffer from excess of doubt?
From weakness grown so bitter it is strong?
And from a creeping, chill paralysis
Of spiritual functions? Nay? Then let them pass.
Deeper and deeper still I seemed to sink
Into a dull, dead syncope of soul;
So weary grew I that I gasped for breath.

And then some accident, — the toddling child,
A flight of birds? — I know not; but I turned,
And sought the ramparts for a breathing-space.
And when I reached the walls, and gazed abroad,
The face of heaven was clouded like my mind,
And I beheld wide plains as black as ink,
And no horizon save afar a dim
And misty streak, and this poor earth of ours
Seemed an uncertain, reeling, rocking ball,
Embosomed in a seething atmosphere
Of clamorous airs contending to and fro.
Then, O Lorenzo, canst thou tell me how,
Out of a dream of tossing wretchedness,
Billows of hope should rise to consciousness?
Billows break silver from a dull, black main?
Out of my blank despair surged something up,
A straw for me to catch at in my need.
My will cried sudden, with a passionate cry,
"Must I live 'mongst these dead things?" O that bliss
Of aspiration for the Light again!
Then by a flash I saw the Sorceress,
Throned in my soul, dealing out havoc there;
She who knows well to sort her profit out
From the thick mutterings of a dying man,
Looming, in hateful triumph, high advanced.
And from her baleful eyes fierce lightning flashed
Forth in insidious waves of such fell fire
As withers living up; while all about
She spread the slow contagion of her smile,
That seems to question, then with mocks deny
The strenuous process of a human will.
Yet my will quailed not. In that hour I cried,

"God, Thou perfected Light within a man,
Lo, I defy, I brand, this Power of ill!"
Fixed stood she then, glaring aghast on me,
An awful shape, dilating in still wrath,
With sidelong looks of fury, serpent-like.
And every drop of venom she had poured
Into my blood turned flame, and wrought for her,
And darted, death-compelling, through my veins;
Yea, all her deadliest minions, clamoring loud,
Ringed round my will. But still it stood erect.
Then grew my soul like a light-haunted place,
Full of the sun's caressing. Whence and how
Came that ethereal flood that streamed o'er me,
O'er-swept me thoroughly? — Out of gleaming space
Drawing a strength inviolate, I knew
The Will of God pulse through the universe,
The impetus of ages on its wings;
I knew again the ageless Harmony
His perfect Harmony through all His worlds,
Undreamed yet by His worlds, but growing still
Through cycles vast, to splendor perfected;
I knew that though we wind like babes at play,
This game of life seeming so absolute,
We are in the dread grasp of That which saves,
Which slowly models us to that It would.
Yea, into deepest caves shall evil dive,
And there be tracked by Light, and slowly slain,
As knowledge of God's life beats through men's souls.
His Light beat through me; once again I lived
Such life as serves to sanctify the soul:
For my soul, grown by bitter strife aware
Of man's vast journey from the beast to God,

Finds ill precedent of consummate good.
Even as I gazed, that Power that slew my heart,
My life itself, turned to a spectral thing,
Such as one pure and perfect thought pricks through;
And darkness was annihilate by Light.
Then from the battlements, I saw the clouds,
Thinning to gray, sail swiftly past the sun;
He pierced them with his golden arrows keen,
And bade them hasten as they passed his throne;
And some he riddled through and through, and turned
To veils of iridescent pearliness,
That melted swiftly, imperceptibly,
Till last he shone triumphant from clear space;
And earth was glad, and sang his victory,
And told the tale of darkness he had slain,
Through the full throat of all her inborn life.
Yea, we rejoiced together in his rays,
We twain together in them, earth and I.
O I was hungry for that blue of heaven,
And thirsty for the sun; and my soul swam
In a bright, silvery lake of perfect peace.
I traversed streets: I met the eyes of men
(They are so beautiful, the eyes of men!),
I heard the children babble at their play;
They sailed boats in the gutters' shining tides;
And over all the sparrows blithely chirped,
Ruffling their little feathers in the sun,
As if to bid me welcome to myself.
And thou art here, Lorenzo. — Dear my friend,
Sudden the Light again invades the soul,
Laps it about and makes it all Its own;
And greatly triumphs. Joyfully I go

Into death's sheer, immeasurable abyss,
Faint fathoms out of sight through the Unknown,
Finding that time is not, that sense is naught,
That space is nothing, looking to an end,
That end, more Light. Yea, joyfully I go,
Chanting my song of victory through defeat.

LORENZO

And in the life that now before thy soul
Stretches untried, dim, vast, impenetrable,
How shalt thou grow in strength, in truth, and love!

EKART

Love, O God's Love — so bright our human hands
Are all too frail to grasp the burning disc
In its completeness. Love, His Love! so strong
It hurts us, and we do not understand;
So deep we strive in vain to fathom it;
But in this strife abides the perfect Peace;
The soul that strives shall know the uttermost God.

# SONGS NEW AND OLD



## UNDER THE OPEN SKY

O TO be where
White-bellied swallows dart through the air,
White-bellied swallows the blue pervade,
And the sun is on each grass-blade !

Benignant Mother Nature, from the throng
Of cities, to be liberated, healed
By sight of sailing clouds, lying afield,
Letting the slow words shape themselves in song!

Receive, my soul, the heaven's flawless blue,
As man did once of old, his heart held up,
Devoid of enmity, an empty cup
Thirsty for nectar of this lambent hue.

The tender turquoise of the summer sky
Sinks like a plummet to the depths of me :
Beatified in blue intensity,
Spilling their bright lives forth, the clouds drift by.

In heaven's high, skyey kingdoms, still and pure,
Great amplitudes of spaces are aglow,
A shifting world of light, while down below
The fields smile on to harvest safe and sure.

See, how they sweep in gently flowing line,
Like the fair oval of a woman's cheek,

With here and there a dimple to bespeak
Sweet, earthly joys commingled with the divine.

Beyond their green expanse that softly stirs
In rippling sheen, the happy eye may mark,
Like tall, wax tapers glinting through the dark,
In the dusk wood, white birches thronged by firs.

Smoothly the lucid hours dissolve away,
While stealthy shadows hang a priceless boon,
The trembling crescent of a new-born moon,
High in translucent depths of purest ray;

Till flooding sunset on the vestments harsh
Of rough pine-boles pours crimson; and afield
A distant pool gleams like a knight's red shield,
Dropped 'mid the reeds and rushes of the marsh.

Then light subdued steals o'er the darkening ground,
A slanting, silvery ghost of light of day,
And lone, and chaste, and very far away,
The little moon slopes toward her western bound.

O hour of pure tranquillity and ease!
Calm acquiescence broods beneath the vast;
All weary spells of ill are broken at last
By joys serene, such deep delights as these.

Yea, far from turmoil and from jarring strife,
Out of clear space, and silence, and control,
A peace that purifies the inmost life
Falls on the waiting soul.

## THE GLORY OF EARTH

O EARTH is a quivering scroll, pulsating with palpable glory !
Spring-tide flushes the page ; a shimmer of shivering light
Drifts o'er the fields like perfume, gilding the earth and the trees ;
Broidering colorless banks are traces of delicate green,
Transparent, and tender of hue, dim as the trail of a cloud ;
Full to their sinuous brinks, under a silvery sky,
Rivulets ripple along, sonorous of joy, to the sea.

Sweet are the murmurous days when summer, deep-dreaming, lies prone;
Orchards entangle the sun which lies with the shadows at peace ;
Sunsets are fretted with pearl, and shotted with silver and gold,
Over an ocean of glass, bluish, and purple, and pink ;
Mountains evanish in sky, ghost-like, of filmiest hue ;
And in the luminous night, the moon is a bubble on high.

Autumn in one quaking leaf a coffer of garnishings hoards ;
Loosely it clings to the stem, and shakes with a fever of hues ;
Through the marsh-mantle of red, dagger-like flashes the stream ;
And ragged in royalty's robes flutter the asters afar ;
Till the bronze of the oak-tree corrodes, bitten to tarnishing shreds ;
And the flame of the maple is dimmed, dashed with a penance of gray.

Then through the shuddering air is borne a vast rumor of cold;
Snarling, the frost in the woods taps at the strength of the trees;
Dark grows the tumbling sea and beats on the shore; like the pard
Freaked with pale yellow and brown, gnash back the rocks at the foam;
And lower the squat willows crouch, hiding themselves from the blast;
Till clambering through sun-riven rifts, glints back the sun on the earth;—
On earth, the wide-shimmering scroll, pulsating with palpable glory.

## MOODS

THE elm-tree stretches gray and naked arms
To heaven, as if in impotence of pain;
The nervous, quivering birch shakes sharp and quick,
As in an ague fit; and grows more pale,
And paler; while the oak with savage creak
Gnashes the jagged points of his dead leaves,
Toothed like the lion's jaw. The distant hills
Loom darkly purple, as with rage suppressed;
And if a stray, tall, haughty pine prick forth
In green, 'tis green how yellowish and sick!
In deep-set furrows frowns the ploughed-up earth
Down in the valley; and the sluggish stream
Mutters despair, as it goes crawling on.
But the next morning heaven brightly smiles:
A sunrise, yellow as a mellow pear,
Hangs in the east; and the pellucid sky

Is flecked with harmless, sailing, feathery clouds,
As delicate as if an angel's wing
Had brushed the blue, and left a radiant stain
Of filmy whiteness on translucent space.

## PRIMITIVE MAN

CLEAN and Sabbatical,
Witless of evil,
Void of offences,
Dawneth the morning.
Up from his sleeping
Rises a man;
Stands in the sunlight.
Solemn, the forest
Bathes in the freshness
Pure of the air.
Full of rejoicing,
Touched by the sun's rays,
Glimmer the topmost
Leaves of the branches;
Dewy and fragrant
Rises its breath.
Thither the man goes,
Seeking for something.
Seeks he the wood-moss
Starred with fair blossoms,
Strewing the wood-space?
Seeks he the berries
Nature has lavished,
Food for his need?
He from a strong tree

Tears him a limb.
Leaves that entwine it
Stripping and rending,
Naked he holds it,
Knotted and jagged;
Whirls it about him.
Lo, 'tis a weapon!
And he rejoices:
This was his quest.

## MAN TO NATURE

O MARVEL Nature, whisper it to me,
The secret full of haunting mystery!
Shall I not hear, if 'gainst earth's grassy side,
Pulsing with summer's generous-flowing tide,
Flinging me down, I deftly set mine ear?
Shall I not catch it in the melting, clear,
Heart-piercing notes of birds? Or, far from man,
Learn it on sun-bathed slopes, which breezes fan
To coolness; whence I later may behold
A splendid pageant, blazing red and gold,
Eve's fiery jaws agape to swallow up
The sun, a glowing jewel in a cup
Of molten gold dissolved; then see the moon,
Rocked in her silver boat, set out alone
To voyage across the heavens, one keen star
With loving twinkle watching from afar?
Or when I fling my glance up into trees,
Straight to the topmost boughs in ecstasies,
To catch on myriad leaves the sun of noon's
Green glint? Or lie in the denser woods, where swoons

The sunshine, seeing heaven's own blue combine
With pointed needles of the enlacing pine?
Shall I not know it then, O Mother sweet,
What time I lie in rapture at thy feet?
Tell me the meaning of this world I see!
The secret tell, as thou art fair! Are we
Here but to live, die, sleep, and be forgot? —
Ah, marvel Nature, dost thou answer not?

## SEA AND FOREST

GENTLY dashing,
Softly splashing,
Myriad-crested,
Milky-breasted
Sea!
Thou repeatest
All the chants of all the ages,
All the runes of all the sages,
In thy roll;
And thou greetest
With the fashion
Of thy lapping on the lea,
With the music thou art pealing,
Every passion,
Every feeling,
All that rages
In each living human soul.

Mighty forest
On the mountains!
In thy fountains,

In thy teeming
Life, thou storest
All the wonder
Of the race ;
In the thunder
Of thy torrent
Grimly roaring,
Man finds warrant
For his warring ;
In the music of thy branches
Finds he chances
For his dreaming ;
And sees comfort face to face.

## OLD APPLE-TREES

### I

IN AUTUMN

THE twisted trees like gray old nuns at prayer
Stoop stiffly forward, their dishevelled hair
Embeaded with the mist. Beneath the hill,
Careering earthward with a mighty thrill,
Expands the conflict of the approaching wind,
Who seeks that sisterhood in peevish mind,
Meaning to rate them lustily for sin,
The day being gray and full of discipline,
Their orisons too creaking, poor, and thin.
And what a priest! Intoning at his will,
Cowled madly in an air-tost capuchin,
Blustering out Pater-nosters, Aves, Creed,
His flapping robes flung back for greater speed !

## II

IN SPRING

But in the spring — the sisters in the spring
Break into prayer that is a blossoming.
The rigid trees in budding-time agree
In whiteness fair. Like silver filigree
Against the tender turquoise of the sky,
Stirless, and stiff, and pure the blossoms lie,
As chiselled by a carving delicate
As that which shaped some reredos of state,
'Neath some great dome of blue immaculate.
Robed like white brides of heaven, translated, free,
Ecstatically devout in their estate
Of reverent beauty, to a radiant sky
The ancient sisters lift a harmony.

## THE WAKENING OF SPRING

A LIFELESS plain recumbent in the sun,
'Neath withered hillocks rising one by one,
And granting hold for leafless apple-trees
To grasp, tenacious, with their aged knees.
The delicate tenuity of air
Makes the earth seem as robed in gossamer.
The sun is warm, on sapless grass and tree
Pouring a summer-like intensity.
As the great prophet stretched him, rapt and calm,
On the dead child, laid forceful palm to palm,
And mouth to mouth, so rapt and luminous
Sunlight embraces earth; so strenuous
Is that embrace, the birds already sing:
"The child shall waken; — wake, wake, waken,
Spring!"

## AFTER THE STORM

SHADOWS of flying horses
Seem to scour the plains;
Print of their hoofs there is not,
But see them tossing their manes;
Strong, black phantoms, they fleet;
Noiseless the beat of their feet;
And their neigh dies away,
Deep-droning over and under,
In the dying away of the thunder.

## EVENING SCENE

THE little clouds of the sunset sky
Swim like fishes astir in the stream,
Rosy, and golden, and silvery,
Shifting and changing in tremulous play.
Dipping and darting the swallows fly;
Deep in the channel the tide's quick way
Is swift as thought in a dream.

Mirrored in pearl-dyed depths are the trees,
And beyond them sweeps of the meadow-grass
Billow in softly emerald leas,
Shimmering low in the fading light,
Waiting serene till the daylight please
To gather its dappled pinions bright,
And follow the tide, and pass.

## EAVESDROPPERS

### I

AT NIGHT

ARE the mountains asleep? See, they lie,
Gray, still, and stark to the sky,
Like a circle of giants that steep
Their souls in oblivion,
Couched round the horizon,
Huge head on hand, and bulk widely-disposed.
Oh, deep is their slumbering — deep.

### II

NEXT MORNING

How now? The deceivers but dozed?
Last night they but feigned, they but posed?
This morning they glance, they are bright.
O they caught up our whispers,
Dissemblers and lispers,
And now they re-utter the tale to all space!
Light, light was their slumbering — light.

## MADCAP–WIND

THE clouds are combed about the sky
In elfin locks as white as wool;
Beneath, the wind runs over the grass,
Merrily, merrily,
And tilts the corn, and crisps the pool,
And ruffles bird-wings as they pass;
Then off and away,
Mad with play,
Then off and away to Infinity.

## IT IS ENOUGH

IT is enough, in sooth, that grass is green,
That skies are blue; that rivers pulse along
In placid peace; that great, white clouds are seen
Piled up in heaven; that clear, melodious song
Trills from birds' throats; that lofty hills invite
Our souls up; that the sea and shore combine
In perfect beauty; that the lovely light
Of human eyes is with us. Then resign
Thyself, my soul, to these, life's boundaries:
Let these suffice to aid and comfort thee.
Sink thyself in the quivering hearts of trees,
Or in the dreaming mountains, or blue sea.
Or deeper wonders wouldst thou learn to scan?
Then mayst thou lose thee in the heart of man.

## THE SOUL'S SABBATH

MY soul kept Sabbath on a summer-day,
Upon a breezy upland far away.
The tenderness of hillsides entered in;
The steadfastness of mossy-stained old rocks
That through the grass their wrinkled foreheads press
Like mighty bulls; the heaving earth might win
To shatter them by rude, Titanic shocks,
But nothing less.

The faithfulness of pine-trees, pointing still
To the great, blue abyss forevermore,
In one long, grand, uplifted, reverent mood;
The trustfulness of birds who fear no ill

The skies hold for them as they blithely soar,
Seemed in my sight most good.
And so the graciousness of lady elms,
Draped in soft green along their shapely forms;
The stanchness of old, weather-beaten oaks,
That scorn to bow when winter's wind o'erwhelms,
Facing the raging of a thousand storms,
In ragged cloaks.

But most the holiness of sailing clouds
Did fill me. These in splendid garments clad
Move on in solemn pomp across the sky,
Like saintly dead in snowy, radiant shrouds,
Passing God's throne in a procession glad
Of joyful mystery.

The whole long luxury of summer's glow
Thus swelled and swelled to perfect peace; and so
My soul kept Sabbath, on a summer-day,
Upon that breezy upland far away.

## SEA-MUSIC

O SONGS of ceaseless symphony that glide
From harmony to lucid harmony!
I set mine ear unto the lisping tide,
Deeming the rhythmic music of the sea
Is a supernal, matchless melody
Sung by the deathless Spirit in His love;
Yea, by God's self that subtle cadence wove,
Out of His plentitude of rapture sung,
Breathed through the rustling waves, as through a grove
Of green, translucent poplars ever young.

## LIGHT

IN the air, strife
Of sunrays, flamboyant, magnific, drenching with light.
Clear in the fiery cascade, every leaf has a glory ;
Space is beleaguered, beset by the light that invades,
Revealing the earth in minutest detail, till each grass-blade
Lives with a life apart and its own ; — and the whole
Is Beauty Supreme.

## PERSISTENCE

WITH thin disguises Nature put us by.
Persist, my soul, persist, and thou shalt wring
Its meaning from the mountain's generous heart,
From the shy cloud its bright imagining.
From the prophetic raving of the sea,
Restless with some deep secret to impart,
Thou shalt win boundless lore, if thou wilt be
Persistent, calm, and strong. Be far above
All fear, and from enfolding earth and sky
Surely thou shalt decipher mystery,
See God unveil His deathless eyes of love.

## THE ONE WORD

I SOUGHT for a symbol from south to north,
From east to west, for a word to sing,
To body the splendors of winter forth,
To render the glories of summer and spring ;
To choir the wonders of life and of death ;
The marvellous stretch of the earth beneath,
The radiant sweep of the sky above ; —
And I found no word but Love.

## A RETURN

INTO Love's radiant house forlorn I come.
How shall I meet the godhead's questioning eye?
I that have dwelt with pride, that deadly sin
Against Love's majesty?

Low at Love's shining feet I lay me down
(His shining feet that make my soul afraid),
Praying at last for healing of a wound,
Humbly invoking aid.

"Love, hear my vows: thou art the God of gods.
O Power Omnipotent to bend, to burn,
To break, as I am broken; — yet, even now,
I, prodigal, return."

## CONSECRATION

WHEN I protested that I loved you well,
Then I remembered all the gifts you bring;
How at your presence blossoms sweeter smell,
And sunshine glints, and bird-notes clearer ring.
But since the shadow of Death's awful wing
Hath drifted o'er your head and glanced aside,
I think no more on gifts; my fear's sharp sting
Gave birth to prayer, and love grew deified.
And O dear heart, what boots it now to sing?
My love hath grown august since it hath prayed;
I think no more on gifts, but on the King
Of Heaven, Love's self, and so grow unafraid.
The King of Heaven is Love: and at His gate
I my poor love for you do consecrate.

## COMPLACENCE

MY love would shape itself to meet thy need.
Wouldst thou have ermine? Ermine shall it bring.
Wouldst thou have homespun? Straightway it gives heed
To fit itself to this thy fancying.
Wouldst thou have roses clambering o'er thy door?
Roses shall burgeon into radiant flower.
Or honeysuckles? Where was naught before,
Their tiny trumpets shall make glad the hour.
My love shall be as nimble as a cloud
To shift itself a thousand differing ways;
Not stiff in self-conceit, exacting, proud,
But swift in subtle change to suit thy days;
So thou wilt one day murmur, with a smile:
"This love hath some poor power to beguile."

## REMINISCENCE

IT cannot be I love her for her face,
Though that is fair.
It is not for her beauty I grow fond,
But far beyond,
Some strange, intangible, and flexile grace
Which I have known elsewhere,
When we inhabited some other place,
Some other time; and there
I loved her for the spirit in her that sways
To perfect beauty all her words and ways.

## A REDEEMER

THOU art my priest. White-robed and serious
Lifting my broken altar, and thereon
Finding a spark that is not wholly dead,
Thou breathest peace, redemption perfected,
Till a clear flame is kindled, fiery-red.

Thou art my priest. The altar deeply glows
When thou art near, as 'neath a day-dawn bright
The Egyptian stone. The altar stands upright,
And wingèd flame goes leaping to the light.

Thou art my priest. The flame is love for thee,
The altar is my heart, and thou the sun.
Yet must I not adore the Holy One
Who made thee priest to me when help was none?
Breathing calm peace, redemption perfected,
Till the bright flame soars skyward from the dead.

## THE MUSIC-BOX

THE music of your voice is stored away
Deep in my heart, and safe from earthly harm;
When I would hear it I repeat a charm:
And straight my music-box begins to play.

## LOVE SONG

MIGHT I sit at your feet on a summer's day,
On a summer's day, when the sky is blue,
And the air is soft,
Gazing aloft,

How should I dream that day away,
Being by you ?

But nay. No vision would come, my own ;
I should need no dream with you so near.
I should dream no dream,
But it would seem
That a perfect love is life alone,
In Heaven, and here.

## HUMILITY

IN the warm temple of thy charity,
A little chiselled niche by pity wrought
Is all I ask. Others perchance have sought
For larger place and lordlier dignity.

For them the pomp of gorgeous ministry ;
For me no pomp, no altar jewel-fraught ;
In the warm temple of thy charity,
A little chiselled niche by pity wrought.

O let me in, out of thy clemency !
Praising that gentle mercy which hath brought
Into thy heart one so unworthy aught :
I would but dwell, in rapt humility,
In the warm temple of thy charity.

## MY LADY

MY lady scarce is fair, but a clear light
Shines in her eyes from morning until night :
My lady hath small learning, but her way
To every heart she finds without delay.

Though neither fair nor learned, she is one
To love, and love, and never to have done.

## WITH A CLOUD IN THE SKY I FELL IN LOVE

WITH a cloud in the sky I fell in love,
Winging along in the blue so vast;
The wind was high
In the calm, clear sky,
And soon the cloud was past.

With a fair, red rose I fell in love;
Glowing it lay on leaves of green;
There rushed a storm
From the noon's heart warm,
And the rose no more was seen.

With a look on a face I fell in love;
It faded away like cloud or flower;
Must it wholly wane?
Nay, I found it again
When least I looked for the hour.

I weep sometimes for my fair, white cloud,
For my sweet rose scattered by the blast;
Then on one face
I read love's trace:
And I know that love may last.

## POWER OF PRAYER

A LITTLE meat will save a dying man;
A little water quench a raging fire;
One little prayer will answer my desire;
One little prayer that any mortal can.

If, as thou passest through the Heavenly gate,
Thou wilt but turn and cast it down to me
Through the wide portal of Eternity,
As here I wander weak, disconsolate;

Even though the powers of evil still may wait,
I can move on to seek some better goal.
Who knows but that I yet may save my soul,
And learn to baffle irremedial fate,
If, as thou enterest Eternity,
Thou wilt cast down one prayer of peace to me?

## THE LESSER NATURE TO THE GREATER

WHEN in our hands we hold life's final wage,
Into another world are come at last,
How will it be, love? Wilt thou backward cast
A longing look at all life's heat and rage?
Nay, for thy wondering eyes shall read a page
They never saw before. Dear love, the past
Holds nothing like it: thou shalt see, aghast,
Lines on my soul, undreamed of thee, how sage
Soe'er thou still hast been. But read, ah, read,
There too the torment and the bitter strife,
As I strove up, learned secret tears to blend

And thorns to bear, with endless longing rife
To reach thy stature. Surely this must plead!
Thou wilt not turn from me in that new life?

## TOO LATE

IF you had lived, I would have come one day,
Perchance through many a rough and thorny way,
Come, just my head upon your breast to lay,
To look into your eyes; with earnest brow
I would have said:
"I wronged you once, that day, now so long past:
You looked for strength that should stand firm and fast,
I gave you weakness; but am come at last
With something better;" — but, alas! not now,
Since you are dead.

## AN AFTER-GLIMPSE

HOW far life's battle-field where dead I lay!
Through the blue ether noiselessly I stray,
Infinite leagues from Heaven so far away.

As I draw near, I see the place is ploughed
With furrows red; I see men through a cloud
Of earth-born dust that wraps them like a shroud.

It lifts a space. Whose fire-lit eyes are those,
That gallant fighter's fronting many foes?
Can this be he? — The heart of memory knows.

Yea, this is he; and as the assailants peer,
With what large gesture he transcends his fear!
Ah, to have known his plight when I stood near,

Then to have known the odds that he defied!
Or to have loved, not knowing! By the side
Of a strong hero I have lived and died;

And *I* have judged him in the long ago!
Now, now, I read his heart, I see his foe,
And God, my God, I love that soul below!

## TOKENLESS

"TRUE lóve, yet tokenless?" — Ah, I am weak:
Till the air vibrate, I hear no voice speak;
I find no sympathy till tears rain down.
How should I know the King without his crown?

## CONVENTIONALITY

YOU in your house, and I in mine
Can just clasp hands across the way;
Can just remark if the weather be fine,
As we wish each other a very good day;
Can note how the puddles glance in the sun,
And how the passers-by splash on.

Then, since the street is narrow and small,
And the incidents few are soon o'ertold,
We may draw us back in our houses tall;
To go outside would be far too bold!
To go outside, sweet friend of mine,
And to meet in the street, and our arms entwine.

## INNER LIFE

INTO your inner life how shall I come?
Perchance I should not like your bric-a-brac;
Perchance from out some corner, vibrant, black,
A demon-face would gibber, mow, or leer;
Or some stern saint, intolerably severe,
Would eye me, marvelling why I pass that way;
Perchance your painted tapestries betray;
Perchance the air is heavy and obscure
With clinging perfumes; or too thin and pure.
Into your inner life how dare I come?

## THE HOLY OF HOLIES

THOU hast wandered far and wide
In the kingdom of my heart,
Looked about on every side,
Entered into every part.
Now, before one little door
Sittest down, would fain implore:
"Let me in! Give me this key.
I would every chamber see."
Dwindled seems thy vast domain,
Shrunk to nothing, at the sight
Of this portal barred so tight? —
Let thee in? Nay, love, in vain:
Into this one chamber no
Human foot shall ever go.

## SPINNING SONG

WHETHER we love or hate,
The world goes round;
Whether we smile or frown,
The sun comes up, goes down,
Early and late;
Whether we love or hate,
The world goes round.

## IMPOSSIBLE

AND I may lay my head upon your knee,
And let the world go by? Love, could it be?
Could we shut out the poor world's muffled tread?
The cry at birth? the wailing for the dead?
All things that tell us of mortality,
And life's swift flight? — Nay, love, how could it be?

## ASPIRATION

GIVE me thy hand, belovèd; dost thou see
Yon distant hills against the western sky?
Thither our path. What though before us lie
Hillock and dale, woods dark with mystery
Of dim, dank pool, and strangely twisted tree?
The strong have trod this path; they knew not why,
Perchance, but saw, as we, those hills on high
Loom up in strange and purple majesty.
And shall we stay upon this pleasant plain,
Where sunshine sleeps, and bird-notes flute above?
Where humming bees keep up a soft refrain,

Seeming to murmur ecstasy and love ?
We cannot stay. Dear heart, thy hand ! To gain
Those far, dim heights, let it be said we strove.

## WHAT DOTH IT MEAN ?

WHAT doth it mean when cometh a smile we know not why ?
What doth it mean when forth from life's narrow casement, the eye
Soareth aloft to greet the melting, boundless sky ?

When stirs the blood at airy, soundless footsteps near ?
When from unmeasured depths of joy there wells a tear,
Sweet, as the dew-drop to the flower is sweet and dear ?

It means that God is good, O smile from nothing sprung !
O soaring eye and stirring blood, that life is young ;
And tear, that life hath given its due, since Love hath sung.

## THE JEWELLED TREE

OUT of our wonderful consciousness
Blossoms a jewelled tree ;
Reason and faith its branches bless,
And hope eternally ;
These are jewels fair to see ; —
But love is the jewel we'd fain possess,
On the top of the jewelled tree.

## ROMANCE OF SOUL

ROMANCE of soul: the everlasting soul
Sweeping through time and space, a paladin,
Bent on life's multitudinous, mystic quest,
Pushed by the strange, resistless power within;
Not knowing self, though pricked by joy and dole,
Not knowing life, nor death, nor heaven, nor hell;
Yet knowing love for aye supremely best.

## ANTIPHON

WHAT is life but a crystal cup,
Too lightly made?

*But death is only a dark eclipse*
*Betwixt the cup and the drinker's lips.*

What is fame but a crimson flower,
Blowing to fade?

*But love is a verdant blossoming tree,*
*Branching into eternity.*

## IS IT SO SWEET?

IS it so sweet to feel a friendship near?
To know a hovering presence in the place?
And, through veiled eyes, be conscious of a face,
With gaze intent, and full of sleepless cheer,
Which says: "I love thee wholly. I am here"?
Is this so sweet? Is this a heaven of grace

That recompenses for the weary race,
For all life's tumult base and conflict drear?
Yea, this is sweet. But there's a Heaven higher,
The soul shall know that takes her lonely stand
In an embattled place, and sees the land
Naked around, and black, and scarred by fire;
Then learns, in very loneliness, to aspire
To God: and finds life's victory in her hand.

## CLOUDS MAY DARKEN THE FACE OF A FRIEND

CLOUDS may darken the face of a friend,
And clouds may darken the sun;
But there's a friendship without an end,
And a brightness never undone;
Find it, my soul, if thou be wise,
Follow, and find, and hold the prize,
The prize of the knowledge of One,
Of One whom shadows can never dim!
Follow, and find, and cleave to Him.

## THE IMMANENT GOD

THE universe is eloquent of God;
I cannot mount a stair but that His feet
The steep, interminable path have trod;
I cannot turn a corner but we meet;
I cannot do a task but that His hand
Hath done it too; nor look into an eye
But He looks back at me; I cannot stand
On any plot that's not Infinity.

O Power fulfilling finitude, in spite
Of all, dost Thou escape me, fain to seize
Upon thy bodiless Presence? Nay, — delight
To wander through creation as I please!
Knowing, yet never knowing what thou art,
Till last, as Love, I seize Thee in my heart.

## THE WORK OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

"Yet each will have one anguish — his own soul
That perishes of cold."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WE know this anguish. By the closèd door
Of their own lives men listen for the slow
And fluttering breath of souls by doubt laid low,
Which freeze in darkness, now they hope no more.
The door of thy great life stood wide, and o'er
The threshold leaned thine eager soul aglow
With that warm hope the apostles used to know,
With that strong faith the prophets preached of yore.
O glorious faith! How many lips shall bless
That certitude, that wealth of hopefulness,
That, like God's sun, persisted in good cheer!
Forged at such heat thy swift words struck the ear,
To pierce men's souls, which, finding day still shine,
Rose, and unbarred their lives to Life Divine.

## GONE

HIS flaming spirit on the time's dark veil
Hung like a gleaming star of purest light,
A star the hastening winds swept out of sight;
And he is gone upon a voiceless gale.

## IN MEMORIAM

MARCH 31, 1893.

'TWAS a fair gift, my brother; even we
The beauty of thy gentle life could see:
And when in thy bright youth before the Throne,
Thou held'st this gift up to the Holy One,
I think He must have stooped the gift to greet,
And kissed the giver's forehead, as was meet.

## DESTINY

THOU canst not stand, my child, beside
A glassy pool where cattle drink,
And gazing on a moveless tide,
Feel thy life-hunger satisfied,
And thy soul bounded by one silver link.

O'er ocean's murmurs must thou brood,
Must breathe the saltness of the sea,
Must loose thy gaze, to where the flood,
Feeding the deathless soul in thee,
Smiles itself forth into eternity.

## YOUTH

RIDE through blue morning with unbaffled hope,
Airily, lightly ride.
The sky was arched to give thy dreaming scope;
The earth made firm with thy strong arm to cope:
All's well, whate'er betide.

## NECESSITY

STRONG is that angel called Necessity,
Who strides behind us, and her thong doth fling
With naught of favor, nor of flattering.

How should she falter? Her omniscient eye
Must mirror not alone man's present strife,
But the fair picture of his whole of life.

Should she not blithely drive? Yet, to descry
Her clearly; know no tyrant on our trace;
Know that she hides from us sweet Beauty's face!

It may not be. Veiled in dark majesty,
She drives her sheep: God wills it. On we move,
Dogged by this awful shadow of His love.

## NEMESIS

NEMESIS lingers under the rose,
Nemesis slips where no listener can,
Nemesis knows where each man goes;
Yet man will always be man.

"Lady Nemesis, here we bring
Gifts to thee for an offering.
Surely thou wilt not look this way;
Surely thou wilt not strike to-day;
And thou wilt forget to-morrow."

Nemesis takes the gifts with a smile,
Smile of scorn at man's petty wile,
Smile of scorn and of sorrow;

Feeling her dagger's hilt the while,
Mindful still of the morrow.

Nemesis lingers under the rose,
Nemesis slips where no listener can,
Nemesis knows where each man goes,
Yet man will always be man.

## CONSEQUENCES

"Family, wife, children, our very bodies, and our wealth, they all pass away. They do not belong to us. Our good and our evil deeds, they alone belong to us.

"When thou goest away from here, no one will follow thee. Only thy good and thy evil deeds, they will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." INDIAN EPIC.

"A LITTLE clay in shape like to a man
Is all that Death hath left us." Be it so.
But round the bier strange shadows come and go:
These are the deeds that filled the dead one's span,
When this calm mould of quiet clay was man.

Into the chamber of death,
Lo, they come, lo, they flock.
Do they come with that visage that saith,
"It is well"? Do they gibber and mock
At this helpless, this motionless one?
No relenting have they;
They may gibber and mow,
They may point at the dead one, and say:
"In the calm of clear thought were we done;
In the whirl of dim passion were we;
But now is the harvest, ah, now;

Come and see! Come and see!"
They may form in a 'wildering ring,
And dance round the dead one, and sing:
"We shall live, we shall live;
See the chain, see the chain
Which no power can break
Till the ultimate day,
Till 'tis broken for goodness' and righteousness' sake!
With his soul we survive:
And with sorrow and pain
Shall he wrestle and strain,
Till he lave every stain;
Having us for his hell
(This is well, this is well),
As we move on our terrible way,
Following him, circling him, till we wither away."

But if the phantoms gather, stoled in white,
Palms in their hands, and in their faces light,
Benignant, hope-reviving, gliding round
The dead one with a solemn, lovely mien,
From their charmed lips will come a bell-like sound,
A soft, subdued vibration of the air,
Like that when music mutters underground,
Or organs peal out peace, themselves unseen.
In this procession fair,
A genial ring,
They move and sing:
"Lo, we are here.
Faithful and true,
Your actions follow you;
Watch by your bier.

O heart that throbbed and battled well!
Upon your beats is laid Death's icy hand,
And they are still;
But we are here to tell;
And to fulfil.
Behold we stand
About your bed;
See how we stretch, O see,
From now into Eternity!
Our rays shall stream
Before the One
Upon His throne,
And He shall deem
You have well done.
Fear not, fear not, O dead!"

If these sing thus about your dead one's bed,
Lift up your hearts above death's misery,
And cease your bitter, noisy, wailing cry.
Finding an unseen glory round his head,
In peace, rejoicing, cease to mourn your dead.

## THE SOUL AND SIN

THE soul and Sin sat down together,
In an hour of bleak and biting weather.
Empty the sunshine, and everywhere
Sharp words were hissed through the bitter air,
And the frost had blackened the heather.

Then the chilled soul, racked without and within,
Cried: "Sit thee down beside me, Sin."
She would not touch Sin's wrinkled hand,

But she fain would gaze and understand
Sin's marvellous lore to win.

In Sin's eyes were shadows, more
Than pass on a teeming theatre-floor;
And down dark, tortuous vistas strange
The eyes of the startled soul could range,
As one peers through an open door.

Flame-like the shadows, fitful, weird,
Half-beautiful, half to be feared;
They bowed them in shadowy, goblin wise,
Or, mowing, leaned from Sin's great eyes,
Or swept along, and peered.

Time rolled on as the soul gazed still,
Murmuring: "Strange are these shapes of ill."
Till last came one of a beauty rare,
And it lingered and glanced 'neath its ebon hair,
While the soul could gaze her fill.

And never a word the still soul said,
And still was that phantom, still as the dead;
But it gazed and it smiled, as the soul could see;
Yea, it gazed and it smiled entrancingly,
Till the soul's charmed look was fed.

Then, round the rapt soul, as she forward bent,
Strange sounds as of wailing waters went;
But the soul bent further, whispering low:
"As fair as the fairest dream we know,
By the kindly heaven sent."

And that other: "Ay, and but fair for this,
That I feel thy lips in a tremulous kiss.
Fain wouldst thou learn to understand?
Then touch me, touch me with thy hand:
In that touch lies a marvellous bliss."

Shrinking like sheep from the shearer's brand,
Sobbing, the soul stretched forth her hand;
Then leapt from Sin's eyes, with mocking song,
That shadow that dwelt in the brain of Wrong,
At the soul's perturbed command.

And the soul and the mystery grappled long.
'Twas loss to the weak and the gain to the strong,
In that struggle of potencies, locked to wed,
The soul with her bane, the quick with the dead
That to life would full fain belong.

. . . . . .

The struggle is over. With fitful moan,
The soul sits ashy and as gray as stone;
And she moans: "I have touched it with my hand,
Now — ah, now — I understand."
And she shrinks as she sits alone.

## FATE'S OCEAN

FATE'S Ocean lashes the shores of life:
Men are the pebbles raked to and fro
On the sounding beach.
Different is each;
Some are dull, and some aglow,
With tiny veins of color rife;
Some are smooth, and rough are some;

Some go quickly, and some go slow;
But all must stir as the great waves come,
To and fro, as the great waves go,
To and fro.

## A MAGDALENE

WE know this woman hath passed through such fate
As clings irrevocable. Yet how white
These hands that pluck the bitter fruit of blight
That trails upon the dust! How proud and straight

The slender neck! The dove-like eyes denote
A spring-tide wistfulness, half-overspread
With mist of tears; the mouth is trembling red;
The hair of wiry gold seems all to float

Alive and purposeful; gracious the line
Of head, of bosom, and of oval cheek
Just curving with the power subtly meek
Of womanhood. Trampling upon the Divine,

She rises, lily-like in midst of taint,
In face a fair Madonna, or young saint.

## AT DUSK

WITHOUT, the skeleton trees in a maze
Of leaves, scant, spare, and yellowish brown,
Which the wind beats down in a sodden rain;
Below, the river; and there in a blaze,
The sunset flushes like one in pain,
While the torn leaves flutter down.

Within, a figure that lies and sleeps :
(Better asleep than awake, perchance,
With such lines and stains on the upturned face.)
One by the window who weeps and weeps,
Quietly, tears that leave their trace ;
Watching the dead leaves dance.

## EXTREMITY

PUSHED to the world's last verge,
And face to face with an outrageous fate,
What comfort can the human spirit urge,
So late, so late ?
Ah, then the spirit grows elate,
In every pang finding a fiery bliss :
For when against it towers the universe,
When ill can wreak upon it nothing worse,
Then comes the angel with the balmy cup ;
Then without hesitation it looks up,
And knows how great it is.

## THE CHASE

ON with the chase, although with God alone
Thou ridest now ; afar the yelling pack.
What need of any friend behind thy back ?
To chase thy quarry none can aid thee, none.

Thy quarry is perfection. O'er the top
Of toilsome mountains, press through dust, through mire,
With pulses ever leaping high and higher,
Till thy spent steed come to a quivering stop.

Then, reeling, fear not thou death's dizzy pitch
To earthward ; lie with lips apart, eyes set,
To seek that phantom that eludes thee yet,
To follow Beauty, dying in a ditch.

## IGNORANCE AND KNOWLEDGE

OUT of mine ignorance I made a song
To ease my heart,
And sang it to myself most gleefully
In a wild wood apart.

Out of my knowledge next I made a song,
Made it with pain ;
Then sighed and longed that mine old ignorance
Might come to me again.

## NIGHT AND DAY

SWIFTLY and surely cometh the dawn :
We cannot lie
Mothered by darkness and loved by the night,
For long, for long ;
For strong, for strong,
Uprises, from shadowy caverns of slumber, the morn.
Take the smile laid by
And wear it in prying daylight's sight ;
Go on with the song,
And sing it till fades the evening light.
The night is the time to rest and sigh.

## COMPENSATION

LEAVE the word, and spare the blow,
Bow the head;
Pass from out the sight of those
That are dead.

Let the evil eye leer on,
That is all;
Let the mocking finger point,
It will fall.

As the shuttlecock of time
Comes and goes,
The sweet seasons shall be thine,
And the rose.

## THE POET

OH he must bare his breast to myriad swords,
Ere he can even know he lives indeed;
And he must loose his soul in whirling words,
Ere he can stammer forth his happier creed.

## PARTICIPATION

THE cup of life was offered me.
An angel of great majesty
Held the huge chalice steadily;

And said: "'Tis given thee to drink,
O mortal, from the chalice-brink,
And in the depths thy soul to sink;

Or else 'tis given thee to stand
And marvel at the carving grand,
And barely touch it with thy hand.

Wilt drink or not ? 'Tis bitter-sweet,
The draught; for gall and honey meet,
And for the mastery compete."

Calm was the voice ; but as I gazed,
The angel's glorious eyes were raised,
And there a thousand voices blazed.

Sweet were those voices in mine ear,
As of angelic choirs anear ;
And though my flesh did faint and fear,

My spirit thirsted for the draught:
For joy the angel's visage laughed,
As my lips touched the cup, and quaffed.

## THE SOCIAL APPEAL

THAT life go droning on we fain would ask,
With sunshine on the floor, a cat thereby ;
To stir a lazy wheel our only task ;
And then soft-fingered twilight drawing nigh
To crown the day. Serenely down to lie
And sleep, were good. Thank God it may not be !
The arrogant insistence of the sea
Waxeth less urgent to the listening ear,
Than unto our stirred hearts the haunting plea
Of other lives that wail so we must hear.

## SUCCOR

AS some wild sea-gull on his gleaming breast
Might mirror the red splendor of the west,
And with that tiny, fleeting hint of sky,
Might fly far inland to a face that's pressed
Against the bars of some old fortress grim;
So, not so fleet, yet faithful still, would I,
With eager wing and strenuous beating, fly
To bring some faltering hint of life's fair best
From life's wide Beauty, to sad souls oppressed,
Who languish for the light in darkness dim.

## LAZARUS AND DIVES

WHILE yet one Lazarus lies without, and thinks,
Tremble, O Dives; to thy purple feast
Let some strong shudder enter! While the least
Of these lies dying, drop the hand that drinks.

## DREAM OF THE PAST

DREAM charmèd hours away in the still room
Of some cathedral of the storied past;
Let your soul drift through legends dim and vast,
The while the organ peals, the censers stream.
But guard the windows with a heavy pall
Of closely-woven memories, one and all;
Look to each chink; let not the perfumed gloom
Be pierced by daylight with its restless beam:
One ray of this, to-day, dispels the dream.

## THE WAIL OF THE WEAK OF WILL

IS there a man hath learned to purely smile,
And not forget?
Is there a man hath learned to weep, and yet
Rejoice the while?

A man no sport of the contagious past,
Nor slumbering fires?
Who with both hands can throttle his desires,
And hold them fast?

Let him rule over us who blindly weep,
Who basely smile,
Weaving our ropes of sand upon life's isle,
In mid-stream deep;

Forever glancing, as the stream slides by,
Amid the rocks,
To see the chaplets laid on our loose locks
Slip not awry.

Let him rule over us who morn and even,
Rail at our life;
Live in life's hell, yet yearn, amid our strife,
For life's sweet Heaven.

He with a tear may lure us to forget,
He with a smile
May blot our past, and make our barren isle
A Heaven yet.

## THE TRIFLER

I RIDE, a doughty freebooter, with lance in rest,
Amid the glancing land of dreams, and claim its best.

And many a dream-bride do I clasp unto my heart;
And many a heap of twinkling gems I tell apart;

And many a bright-hued promise, seized by shining hair,
Do I constrain to prophesy, and speak me fair.

I bid the stars to oscillate that I may dance; —
Till, sudden, through a lane of them I catch God's
glance!

But swift that vision fades away, and I forget.
There's many a shining dreamland prize to follow yet,

And still I ride, a freebooter, with lance in rest,
Amid the glancing land of dreams, and claim its best.

## TRUTH'S DEMAND

TRUTH stood before him in the days long past,
Both hands outstretched; and slowly he unclasped
A jewel from his neck and gave it her;
Then gave her others, all without demur;
But still those outstretched hands that asked the whole.

"O Truth, O Truth! is this not ample? See,
My days, my hopes, my joys I give to thee;
I cannot give myself!" he learned to say.
Down dropped her arms, frowning she turned away:
And he goes desolate, a baffled soul.

## FLIGHT

DOWN the great steeps of life vertiginous,
We scurry, you and I. Whither away,
The while the sky reels backward over us,
In this hot haste that bates not, night nor day?
To distances we cannot dream nor know,
In mystery immeasurable, we go.

## THE VISIONARY

THERE'S a secret about that eludes me everywhere:
'Tis now in the earth, and now in the quivering air,
Now in my heart (and fain would I dig it out),
Now in the glance of a neighbor's eye, in the shout
Of a child at play, from a smile, or piteous sigh;
From the twinkling sea, or the glittering planets on high,
It peeps out and peeps back, forever eluding me,
Though I seek it in perfect, immutable constancy.
Yea, and I dream that I seize it and conquer; one day
It will flash on me out of the heaven's enveloping gray;
Suddenly, all in a blaze, I shall find it at last:
The Proteus-thing I have sought, I shall hold it fast.
And then? — and then being old I must die, you say,
And take my secret away with me? Nay, ah, nay.
For I, ere I go, will scatter the clouds that screen,
And dower mankind with my knowledge of the Unseen.

## MAN

THE one-self-conscious in the universe,
Boundless in aspiration, but in scope
Bound to a chariot grim of time and place.

Yet he shall wrest a blessing from a curse:
See how he rises, deified by hope,
And drives this chariot thundering through space!

## THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAST

NOT in the present's narrow plot of time
May man's swift thought be prisoned. He may know,
With leaping pulse, vast periods sublime,
Ancient when Troy was young, or Jericho;
Whole worlds agone; the intimate quivering
Of motion-shook earth's centre; every thrill
And heart-beat may be his enlightening.
Piercing all corners of all earth at will;
Lodging in every epoch; here and now
Discovering everywhere; the primal slough
Threading, mid cosmic rounds that never pause;
Journeying through eras dim, immense, and strange,
His thought, with struggling wing, from change to change,
May sweep; and drop into the Abyss of Cause.

## SOUL AND BODY

"A battle he knows not he will confront,
An expedition he knows not he will ride to."

The Chaldean Account of Genesis. — SMITH.

BODY.

O FAIR these studded fields of clover,
Where yellow butterflies make love,
And the sun, like any arrant lover,
Broods over cobwebs last night spun;

Where the light, and the breeze, and the warmth are one,
And merrily sail the clouds above,
And every leaf and blade in the sun,
And the lusty, red blossoms, gleam happily.

SOUL.

Beyond these fields and far away,
The hills are fair in their garb of gray.

BODY.

Why wouldst thou travel, O heart of my life?
Here is happiness close beside thee:
Yonder, the hills are big with strife;
Chill and dearth in the hills may betide thee.
Yea, and the mist may hide such fate,
The clefts in the mountains may be so deep,
The pines so high and the crags so great,
For this life behind thou mayst learn to weep
Life in the valley here with me,
Full of a soft security!
The future is great, and the Sphinx is fair:
But she sits and looks out over a waste,
High-enshrined in a dreary spot;
And many a grewsome sight is there,
And the cries of dead men move her not.

SOUL.

I would ride onward, on, and on,
Though the future were death to look upon,
Though the fate were the sternest that could befall.
Are there no pleasures a soul may taste
But the pleasures, here, of a beast in the stall,

While it waits and it hopes for the next wind-fall?
In the distance is all the delight of speed.
And what if I fall? I have lived indeed.

## BEYOND

ONCE when the wind was on the roof,
And nature seemed to question fate,
A fiery angel, in a dream,
Called on a soul to contemplate.

"Look well about thy precincts, learn
What is thy gain, thy final stock,
Obtained from living day by day."
(Hark, how the winds the elm-trees rock!)

The man's soul cast a glance about.
The place wherein it dwelt was small,
No vast horizon; every side
Was bounded by a narrow wall.

But well it knew those precincts, well
The carven furniture; the shelf,
Laden with books; the tinted wall
Adorned with pictures of itself,

And of the Father and the Son,
And myriad saints; and then the earth,
With all the senses' arabesques,
That man had planned since man had birth.

"Are these thy treasures? These are dead,"
The fiery angel, in despite,

Cried out: "What wouldst thou gain for these,
If thou shouldst stand in God's own light?

If He should rive these walls away?
What say'st thou? Lo, the drifting sun,
The moon, the stars, the sky, God's sky,
Are sights a soul should look upon.

Pray Him to break these walls away."
The soul shrank back, with hanging head:
"The moon rides free, the stars dance high,
The sun shines bright; these sights I dread."

The walls seemed riven by a sword:
The moon rode free, the wind blew sweet,
The stars danced high; then sunshine lay
In glory at the soul's free feet.

It seemed to stand in a wide land;
Around it high the heavens soared;
It seemed to wither with the light,
Yet joy through all its being poured.

Then darkened grew the sky on high,
And suddenly the sunshine fled;
The wind howled shrill; the soul, aghast,
Awoke and trembled on its bed.

It saw the carven furniture,
The painted pictures on the wall,
The shelf, bowed under heavy lore,
The costly treasures one and all.

Moonlight lay ghostly over them,
(Outside the wind was in the trees,
The wind blew free, the stars shone high);
And all the life seemed gone from these.

The soul arose and paced about.
"It was a vision of the night;
Still must I linger in this place:
But O the wind, the sun, the light!"

## THE LIFE OF THE SAINTS

TO live man's life, and still behind the same
To see some strong-browed truth stand sentinel,
Ready life's meanest act to weigh and tell,
With swift, sure gesture of reproof, or blame:
This is the life of saints of every name.

## THE FAITH OF THE MYSTICS

INTO the gulf of dateless space to give
Our being, and find foothold; through all change
Find the Real, All-pervasive: this is strange,
Yet 'tis the mystery by which we live.

## THE SAPPHIRE SEA

UPON a glowing, yellow strip of sand
I think I sat once, in some other life,
Still as a stone, my head upon my hand;
And saw a sapphire sea, without a strife
Of waves, stir gently, and like silver burn
Beneath the heavens' azure, steady gaze.

So perfect was the peace, a soul might learn
Secrets of being, and of spirits' ways.
And that great waste of waters whispered thus,
Whispered to me, who sat in calmness drowned:
"We live, we move, we stir for God in us."
And now, in this life, far below the sound
Of clamorous voices seeking mastery,
I hear the whisper of that sapphire sea.

## THE QUIET LAND WITHIN

"AH, wizard Time, wilt thou not set me down
In some still hollow of this dented earth,
Where drowsy sheep mumble the juicy grass,
Where waters slip in a soft monotone,
Or lie, pellucid pools as smooth as glass?

On mossy banks let me lie still and dream,
With half-shut lids, drinking earth's fairness in;
And now and then a bumble-bee shall drone,
A murmur dreamy, distant, and serene;
But louder sound than this, I pray thee, none.

Let sunshine, lightly drifting through the air,
Caressing, soft, and silken, wrap me round,
Nor scorch, as when the god in rage looks down
Upon the painted falsehoods of the world,
The lying clamor of the brazen town.

Ah, wizard Time, why not some such retreat?
Some little rest for wearied hands and feet?"

And Time, with subtle smile, made no reply.
But as I toiled amid the dusty way,
Seeking no longer, sudden-slumbering,
I found a land of heart's delight within;
My own heart's land: still, sunny, full of spring.

## HIDDEN HARMONY

ONE man goes whistling by
Another man's door,
While within the dead doth lie.

Here one, starving and poor,
Looks at the wealth
Of a miser's heaped-up store.

Now good news in the ear
Of the blankly deaf,
We whisper in happy cheer;

Then, for the blind to scan,
Hold up a chart
Of clear and cunning plan.

We strive in obscurity;
And lo, our strife
Is a God-hidden harmony!

## THE PERFECT STRAIN

HARMONY, soul-completing, low and sweet,
Harmony, soul-compelling, deep and high;
Harmony in the glowing globe of sky,
And in the generous glebe beneath our feet;
Harmony everywhere, or we should die.

We bear within us echoes of this Strain.
Perchance we drop our penny pipes one day.
(Our penny pipes, forsooth, on which we play
Scant travesties of Harmony !) to gain
This perfect music. Then that Strain hath sway.

And they that hear it are like men possessed :
Sin, sorrow, and dismay through earthly things
May strike a lingering discord of lost strings ;
But these, like Galileo, sore-oppressed
And crossed, yet inly murmur, "Still it rings!"

## SUFFICIENCY

I CANNOT give but that my soul doth hold ;
Yet glow-worms light their lamps, though stars do shine.
They yet may glow and not be over-bold :
So light thy tiny lamp, poor soul of mine.

A little water, in a simple leaf,
Folded cup-like, is good in desert sand
Of common heart-break and of common grief :
Hold such a cup, my soul, within thy hand.

Dewdrops but few will feed the sweet wild-rose
Beside life's dusty road ; couldst thou feed one
Fair flower of hope, to cheer one heart that goes
Upon this road, my soul, thy task were done.

# THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS

## THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS

I DANCE before the king, my arms flung high,
Or drooping by my side; my body swayed
From that rich mood that the musicians made
Into a langourous dream of ecstasy.

The blood perfumes my veins, a rapturous tide;
I live to feel it throbbing: I relax,
And Herod's face relaxes; stronger wax,
And scarce his will can keep him from my side.

Now when I sway he sways, his swarthy face
Crimson; his fingers grip the chair; I stoop,
Breathless he stoops, and so his entire group:
They sigh, they stir, panting for my embrace.

This is my power, my power! Ho, the king
Tuned by a girl, vibrating as I move,
Is just my creature, mine, drunken with love!
Now will I ask him the detested thing

My mother bade me. . . . It is very pale,
And heavy! scarce I lift it. They who bring
Are white-lipped at the strange, distasteful thing,
Inert upon the charger. My arms fail.

The sluggish blood still oozes from beneath
The meagre neck. Above it towers the head,
Emaciated, drawn. Why should I dread?
He scorned us, princes; let him scoff at death!

Dead? White and dead. But what grim play is this?
Upon the skull-like forehead awful light!
The dead eyes peer 'neath the gray lids! Despite
And horror! Thus his triumph still is his.

It scorns us all, that dead face! O afar
It scorns; and from the rocking palace-tower
Thunders its message of unearthly power,
While we sit withering to the things we are!

Out! With it to my mother; she who still
Keeps festal state to greet it. What gray dreams!—
The king sits ghastly.—Here I danced, it seems.
Danced?—*I* whose blood flows chill, forever chill?

# THE DRUIDESS

## THE DRUIDESS

THAT druidess, who drew anear the One,
While yet a babe, the king her father bore,
Safe in the hollow of his sounding shield
(A lily-bud upon a rusty pad,
A pearl dropped in a cavernous, dark shell),
Through green-laced alleys quivering with delight,
Till, in the wood's dim heart inviolate,
They found a little quiet from the sea.
There in that spell-bound place the great trees swept
Sky-spaces with their arms; beneath, the moss
Lay solemnized by sunshine sifting through.
Under the hugest oak, one bannered high
With mistletoe as misty as sea-breath,
The king laid down his shield, and bowing low,
He worshipped the dread Presence in that place.
His vast limbs moulded like a puissant man's,
His rigid roots close-clamped like links of steel,
The soaring oak, the incarnated god,
Rustled a mighty welcome over them.
And slow appeared, betwixt tall, massy trunks,
A thread of white, a patch, and then a man,
Wavering and growing through the gray-green shade.
And, "I am come," he breathed, and the king reared
His lofty bulk, and said: "My lily-bud
I bring, to gain the lore ineffable."
And the seer's eyes grew stars upon the king.
O myriad years that ancient one had sought,
Through stress of soul grown teachable and mild,
The Perfect Whole, biding beneath all strife!

And he, the gray druid, terrible in years,
Fastened his limpid eyes upon the babe;
And as the sun on blinding waterways
Fell, pouring stintless blessing, swift her lids
Quivered into a sudden, blissful dream.
And he sang songs of marvellous accord;
And as he sang, betwixt dim trunks of trees
Wavered gray forms of druids, vision-like:
And shadowy, they flitted through the shade,
Circling the oak, with pacings manifold,
While the chief druid, flickering like a flame,
Hung swaying o'er the shield whereon she slept.
And the strong king, his massive forehead bowed
Upon his knees, he sitting, in his soul
Heard airy music drifting through the heavens.

"Sink, white clouds, in her soul,
And, birds, make prescient her heart,
Babble, leaves, in her voice,
And, blossoms, clothe her aright.
She hath come to be one with you,
And are ye not kindred? Rejoice!
She hath come to be one with you,
And one with the Perfect Whole.
O white clouds, sink in her soul!"

And those who heard that song grew motionless,
And their calm eyes waxed luminous, and their minds
Soared to one high-arched thought that spanned the world.
And time rolled over them, and far above,
The thin, white clouds seemed prying on the wood,
Lulled to tranced slumber; and the towering trees

Prayed in a silence, awful and controlled,
Such prayers as lift trees heavenward; till the moon
Dropping her silvery fire upon the grove,
Slipped through sky-spaces very fast and free.
Then the arch-druid stirred as one from far,
Turning dim, shadowy looks upon the king;
And more he could not utter, and he passed,
And wavered back to shade, bearing the babe.
And earth, and sea, and sky were kind to her,
And every glitter of the sea's bright mail
Wove an enduring splendor through her life.
And in the woods she lay, and caught at heaven
Through meshed leaves, listening, in tranced delight,
The muffled music of the swaying leaves,
Soothing the blossoms with a lullaby,
Full of soft lisping. And she learned the lore
That dreaming druids droningly rehearse,
Old flame-like druids, buried in the wood,
Circling with filmy eyes their mossy stones,
And prying on earth's secrets, till she cries:
"Who creeps so near? Who sees me moulding men,
And deftly weaving spirit into them?"
And with white druidesses far afield,
Fluttering like doves, with lucent looks of light,
She thrid the solemn trees, and grew remote
From human blight in service of the All,
Sun-smit with sunlit worship; till in sooth
The sun lived in her, and the boundless sea,
The gorgeous gloom of forests wrought in her,
The crystal sweep of heaven was in her soul.
And still she waited, waited, where on high
The mountains whisper silence to the stars,

Till on the highest peak her soul grew free.
The vast potentialities of things
Smote to her brain; and, sunk in awful peace,
She saw all lives wherein the past is sped,
All yet to be, whirl by her through the heavens;
She caught strange fragments of that harmony
The earth chants ever, swaying into song;
And through all sweep of time, she knew the One.
And then her eyes grew star-like, with the love
Wherewith the One loves and sustains the All.
She entered regions wider than this life,
And all who saw her marvelled and were still,
Awed by her luminous beauty, for her face
Was like the image of an absent god.
And men brought to her, in their turbulence,
The troubled splendor of their fleeting lives,
And they returned and knew undying gain,
The pageants and the triumphs of the soul.
For as she sang, men reached a blissful dream,
And knowing naught, knew all things, since they knew
The All-Sustainer, through this show of time,
Through all this whirl of space, bearing them on
As some strong man in his embracing arms
Might bear a wailing infant through a flood.
And seeming lost, they knew they were not lost,
For all the flood, this whirl of time and space,
Were but His floating garments multiform,
Who fondles all men's souls within His Own.
And she, entranced, insatiate of the heavens,
Found still, unwinking, contemplative stars
Hold her soul captive in consummate peace,
And lambent currents of transparent calm

Close softly over her, till she was lost
In dim, insensuous regions full of bliss.
And all in all she gave her to the heavens,
That they might fashion her to purer stuff;
And, lo, the broad, bright breast they tendered her!
Yea, the wide heavens dispersed her every fear,
And banished selfhood from her, till, in sooth,
The immortal splendor of the spirit-life
Converging, pierced her soul, and drew her hence. —
Then mid the lamentation of all men,
And of gray druids circling solemnly,
Clad in their flowing vestitures of song,
Sweet, murmurous strains were wafted on the air,
The clouds made marvellous music overhead.

"Arise, O Eddy of Light,
Through the day, through the night,
Bear on, like a leaf, this soul in Thy might!
Cries the soul, 'O the edge of the circle of knowledge,
the edge by my wings
Has been swept! I have known, I have known the
bright heart's blood of things!
In a flash I have found, in the realm of ineffable gain,
That something deeper, deeper than joy or pain!'"

And all the people sunk in wondering dreams,
And druids, gazing with blank eyes austere,
Beheld through vaporous fire the gay-clad earth
Pace round the Central Calm, and sing a lay,
A vast, sublime, immeasurable chant.

"O who shall sail the Central Calm,
Or float upon the Shoreless Deep?
Into the Boundless Wave beneath,
Cast plummet from the dizzy steep?
The soul, sense-purified, shall keep
Oblivion of passing harm,
In shining white shall sail, shall sail,
Rapt in supreme felicity,
Into the Perfect Harmony:
It shall not heed the fleeting gale,
It best shall steer, — O snowy sail!
To Vision through the Deep."

And with great awe they buried her, beside
A murmuring stream that, lapsing to the sea,
Softly intones a druid melody,
Whereto the glossy leaves that there abide,
Swaying in genial warmth, make due reply.
Summer sheds rose-leaf on that crystal tide,
And over its translucent wave, as light
As thistle-down, drift airy songs of birds.
And there the immeasurable content of sea,
And the hid happiness of summer skies,
Brood in transfused, ineffable repose,
Blent to that perfect peace inviolate
Which is the Presence of the One in All.

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